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## EDITORIAL

### DEMOCRACY IN ACTION

One of the most crucial times in a person's life is one's senior year in high school. It is at this time that one must seriously think about his future profession; whether to be a doctor, truck driver, minister or to hold one of a thousand other jobs. He must consider many angles to find for what type of work he is best suited. For the most part, the decision is left up to the individual.

This is not true in many foreign countries. In those having a caste system, caste largely determines what job a person will have. No one can ever rise above his caste.

The Chinese use a different method. Many objects symbolic of different jobs are laid out before the small child. Whichever object the child chooses determines his job in later life.

The American way is just another example of democracy in action.

Norman T. Campbell, '46

### SEZ I

Hi, citizen! What d'ya know? What's first on the hit parade these days, "Symphony" or "I'm Gonna Love That Guy"? Who's ahead, Bing or Frankie?

Bet you could answer those queries on the quick-time, right? Why, sure thing! And we'd think you were a pretty queer duck if you couldn't. But let's face it, pals, the day will come when these swoon-tunes will retire to the limbo of forgotten melodies, Bing will develop permanent laryngitis, and

Frankie will sprout a gray hair. By that not-too-distant time, old beans, you and I will be able to hail each other calmly without being accused of going long haired. We'll probably be greeted with "Good morning, Mr. Citizen," (corny as it may sound at present,) and, "What do you think of the bill on the floor of the Houses? Do you think it will go through?"

O. K. pals. What are you going to do if you never heard of the bill that's in the House? And how are you to judge its chances of going through if you haven't the vaguest idea of how it gets through? Yes, I'm preaching, but don't stop me, I'm enjoying myself.

What I'm trying to say is, let's come out of the clouds. Heck, "Symphony" sends me too, and I'll admit that I'm bored stiff with some of this Government procedure business, but gosh; I'd be horribly embarrassed if someone asked me how the Reds were behaving and I thought they were referring to a variety of flannels! You may think "A Russian Lullaby" is heavenly, but if you knew the tune our mighty neighbor is playing back there in the wings it might strike an altogether different chord. It may be the very symphony of life, but it could be the rattle of death. Whichever is the case, there are too many of us who may not recognize that tune until it is too late.

So what are we to do? You hit it, Jackson, we'll take music lessons. We'll show the world that Uncle Sammy can play a merry melody himself. Of course each one of us cannot play

to perfection all the instruments of the great National Symphony Orchestra, but those which we do study we must play well, and together with this hard-won ability should come a knowledge of what is going on around us, so that we may fit our part smoothly into the complete theme. It is only when this harmony is painfully developed that we can hope to hold our own in a world harmony team. And on whom does the burden of fulfilling this task fall? On you, brother. On you and me and the millions like us who have our opening night somewhere in the future, but who must prepare now to make that night a success.

So where does all this gum-beating get me? Right back where I started. Asking questions and answering them myself. How are we going to develop harmony in the world during our generation if we don't know world affairs to begin with? Answer: We're not! So when are we going to learn? Answer: Now!

Brother and sister, sing Hallelulia, and swing into line with the rest.

We got a job and we're gonna fulfill it with all that is in us that's best.

By the way, kittens, "Symphony" is my bet for first place, and Bing is still the leading man. See you in assen bly.

Rita Mulcahey, '46

### COMMUNITY RECREATION

If you asked the majority of the high school students of North Andover what they needed most of all, there is a ten to one chance that one of their principal needs is a place of recreation in the town.

How much nicer it would be if there were bowling alleys for their use, a dance hall with Saturday night dances plus an orchestra, preferably from the high school, and an eating

place for them to go to after an evening of recreation.

I don't think these places should be for North Andover teen agers only, but for young people from out of town as well. In this way there would be a much better chance of their being successful in addition to acquainting North Andover students more with those from out of town.

June Ingram, '46

### WINNING THE PEACE

During the time of World War II, patriotism rose in the hearts of all Americans. We all pulled together mixing our qualities of strength for the same purpose - - winning the war. Scrap drives, war bonds, heartbreaks, disappointment, all of this was a part of war. People on the home front were really pitching in while their husbands, brothers or sweethearts were across fighting and dying for them.

The war is won now, but is the peace? We all must remember that winning the peace is as hard a job as fighting the war itself! We won't be fighting the Japs or Germans with guns and other weapons of war, but we will be fighting inflation - - questions will arise that will make Americans buckle down. The American people have had a united force and co-operative interest during the last four years of war. If we can keep these qualities and go on as we have for a while, keeping faith with our President and Congress, we will win the peace as we won the war.

C. N. Warwick, '46

### WE DO HAVE GOOD SPORTS AT JOHNSON

About two weeks ago, we received some new pupils into our halls and classrooms. They weren't shunned completely; they were just not noticed. Lunch time came and you know



that nobody likes to eat alone. It's bad enough to have to start in new in a school you've never seen before, but believe me, it's worse to have to eat alone. One of the new students entered the lunch-room and sat down at a table alone. And then right after him, with their school spirit and their good sportsmanship, came two of our Senior Football players. They sat at the table with the new student and included him in their discussions. I will not mention their names here, as their modesty will perhaps not allow it, but never will I permit anyone to say Johnson has no good sports. These two boys are an example of what we can do for ourselves by only showing common human courtesy and good sportsmanship.

P. S. After this was written, the author discovers that they are not as modest as she thinks. The gentlemen are Phil Long and Nicky Evangelos.

Shirley Kelly, '46

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### HOW TO STUDY

Can you study in a study period? Perhaps what you do can be termed reading assignment, but by no stretch of the imagination can it be termed studying.

How is it possible to study? Pupils walk to and from the pencil sharp-

ener, bookcase and wastebasket ceaselessly. Finally the teacher demands that every one stay in his own seat. She wishes that once in a while, someone would study. The students look at each other in amazement. Of course, they have studied. They have studied a whole chapter. Well, maybe, they haven't studied the last pages. Perhaps they can't answer many questions on the part they have studied, but nevertheless, they have worked on it.

Most students come into a study period with the idea of getting work done. For a few minutes, silence reigns. Then a restless student goes to the pencil sharpener. Everyone's eyes leave their work and watch his progress. Then someone can't do a problem in algebra. He asks permission to speak with someone. The endless round of whispers, notes and requests has started all over again.

If you want to study in a study period, I would advise you to bring some cotton and a book to study. Put the cotton in your ears and open the book. Perhaps you can understand everything without opening the book. If you can, you are just fortunate.

Perhaps the freshman can learn some day to study in school. I wish them luck.

Helena Saunders, '46



## LITERARY

### TALLY HO

One day last year about the middle of May some boys and I decided to go on a hike. The next morning we started off carrying two hatchets, a knife, our lunches, and my .22 rifle. Upon reaching the hill we climbed it and found a good place to make a camp. The fun of a hike is making a really good camp. We cleared a place suitable enough for our purpose and John and I set forth making a framework. After we had finished that, Michael and Richard cut down small white birch trees, while John and I nailed them on the framework. All of a sudden I heard Richard shout, "A fox!" I looked up, grabbing my rifle at the same time, while John drew his knife. I saw a long, bushy tail glide through the underbrush about thirty yards away. The chase was on with the other boys' hatchets in hand. The fox led us through the woods and then out into a field of tall grass. I thought I was going to get a shot, but the fox ran like a deer. Then I saw another clump of woods and knew I'd never get another shot, so I raised the rifle to my shoulder. A shot flew into a birch tree with the fox safely running through the wood. We turned back, ate our lunch and finished making the camp. We then decided to go home because it was getting late. On the way home we thought of what we could have done with some horses and a pack of hounds. Anyway, it was a thrilling chase.

Daniel Driscoll, '49

### A CHILDHOOD ADVENTURE

One bright winter morning I awoke early. Sitting up in my bed I could see the new laid snow glisten as the sun shone upon it. As I sat there I noticed dainty little feet marks going in between the trees.

After we had breakfast and the daily chores had been taken care of, I asked my father to come to the window. I pointed out the tracks and asked what kind they were. He wasn't sure, but he thought they were deer tracks.

Well, the next day came and went and the mysterious tracks were still there. At dawn of the third day I decided to investigate the nondisappearing tracks. I struck out for the woods and followed the tracks in and out of the whispering trees. All of a sudden they stopped short and disappeared. I looked all around me to see where they had gone. I walked seven or eight feet and discovered the tracks again. I continued on my journey. In a little while I found what I was looking for. Sure enough, there in front of me were two beautiful big deer, standing like statues on the sparkling snow. They were of soft, velvety, brown fur which, like the snow, sparkled. I started to approach them slowly, but timidly they turned and were gone before I had taken four steps.

I'll never forget how they pranced so lightly through the deep forest to give someone else the pleasure of seeing their beauty.

Richard Hilton, '49



### THE KILLING OF OUR DOG

One day in the late fall when we were putting away farm machinery, my sister called us and said that there was a pack of wild dogs and that our dog had gone down amongst them. We took the gun and started off for the woods. The barking and snarling of the dogs in the fight were terrifying.

When we were quite near the woods, the commotion had stopped, and we whistled for our dog. One loud bark broke the silence and then across a clearing in the woods came the whole pack of about eight or nine dogs in single file. They were all lean, huge, ferocious looking dogs. My brother got a shot at one, which was followed by an agonized cry, but it failed to stop the dog. Then they disappeared from sight as quickly as they had come, but our dog was not to be found.

The next morning we went down to the woods and there was our dog, lying dead where he had fought, all chewed and slashed to bits.

James Greenler, '47

### AN ADVENTUROUS NIGHT

One night as I lay sleeping peacefully, something seemed to force me into wakefulness. Still drowsy, I got up. A cool breeze swept in from the window and I became thoroughly awake, as I heard a sound coming from our porch. I peeped out of my window, (just above the sound) to see a dark figure turn and run.

After this mysterious caller had left, I took the stairs two at a time and ran toward the mail box.

Proving justice to my suspicion a note was there in plain sight. I read the address and with trembling finger read "Surprise." I turned and there stood my soldier uncle with discharge papers in his hand.

Rose Marie Fava, '49

### A PROMISE IS A PROMISE

Two months ago my friend Bob, a chemist in his spare time, and I were talking about his experiment.

"I can't possibly be wrong; it's impossible!" he exclaimed.

"You've said that before and you were wrong," I replied.

"If I fail this time" he snapped back, "I'll eat my shirt."

A month passed and Bob had not mentioned his experiment since he made the rash statement. Suddenly I realized that if he was successful, I surely would have heard about it.

"Say Bob how did the test come out?" I asked.

"Well not so good," he slowly replied. "Some little thing went wrong."

"Come on," I said jokingly. "Take off your shirt and eat it."

He motioned for me to enter the house. I was puzzled, but obeyed his command. Then he entered the pantry and returned with a slice of bread. Again he motioned for me to follow and again I obliged.

"Watch closely," he instructed. "You may have to do this some time."

After placing his shirt in a basin, he reached for two bottles; an acid and an alkali base. First a little of the acid was poured onto the shirt, and a few minutes later he poured a small amount of the other solution into the remains of the article—a few drops of liquid. This being done, he absorbed this strange material with the bread. Finally he broke the silence, after disposing of his shirt, by saying, "Don't forget, a promise is a promise."

Richard A. Jordan, '48

### CONSUMED IN THOUGHT

Just now the realization came to me of a habit I seem to have formed. While I am studying or doing anything that requires any amount of



concentration at all, I like to nibble or munch on some savory snack. This habit has become so strong with me that I am unconsciously drawn to the places where the candy, crackers, raisins and other delectable tidbits are kept. It has reached the point where I eat up everything tasty during a hard evening's work. You may think this is funny, but it develops into some ticklish situations for me. When, for instance, my mother needs raisins and finds there aren't any, the annoying aspect of my habit shows up in no uncertain way. Oh, well! It's all for a good cause (if you will pardon the pun), food for thought.

Arthur Terret, '46

#### SAVED BY THE BELL

It was a bright, sunny afternoon in June when our Social Science class was about to begin. We filed into the room slowly and noisily as our instructor, Mr. Williams, called the class to order.

"Now," said he, "we shall have our reports on last night's reading. I hope you are all prepared, for this will determine your term's marks."

"Oh!" cried John Rogers to himself, "I'm not."

The large, naughty clock in the corner ticked the minutes away fast; but it was nearing John's turn to recite. The bright afternoon suddenly became very dismal and dark.

"John Rogers," called Mr. Williams hastily, "please recite your report. Hurry, for the minutes are ticking away fast."

Just then the long awaited bell lustily rang through the building. The afternoon just as suddenly as it had become dismal and dark, now seemed flooded with sunlight again for John.

"Oh! Saved by the bell," he breathed.

Robert Nicetta, '47

#### THE BEAUTY CONTEST

The window of Willer's ocean-front novelty shop at Ludlow Beach was brimming with toys of all shapes and varieties, but of all these it was a gayly-colored model airplane that was consuming the rapt attention of two little boys. With their heads pressed against the pane and their eyes focused longingly on their one desire, they sighed in regret as they studied the price tag.

"If we only had two dollars—just two dollars," said the older of the brothers, "then we could own that beautiful airplane."

With their hands in their pockets and their eyes downcast, they crossed the boardwalk and settled themselves on a bench beneath the grandstand. Deep in thought, with the problem of securing funds weighing heavily on their minds, they were abruptly aroused by the voice coming over the loudspeaker.

"Just a reminder that our annual baby contest will be held this afternoon, with the first prize of \$10.00 going to the winner."

Simultaneously an idea clicked in the minds of the little boys and, looking at each other, they knew what each was thinking.

"Why can't we bring Sis?" said the older. "Mother is always boasting about her beautiful eyes and hair and everyone seems ready to agree. Perhaps we may get our plane, after all!"

Not losing a moment, they dashed off to their cottage and hurriedly explained their plans to their bewildered mother. So little Susie was bathed and dressed in her prettiest frock and the three marched to the square optimistically. The child was an angelic creature with blond curly locks adorning a sun-tanned face. Proudly, the two boys accompanied their "hope" up to the grandstand

where already a large crowd had assembled. Assuming as much dignity as possible for lads of nine and eleven, they introduced her to the master of ceremonies as Miss Susie Stevens. She was formally entered and the contest was under way. The applause of the audience was to determine the winner.

Ten contestants had already been introduced and now came the great moment for Susie's debut. At the presentation her two brothers howled and whistled, screamed and jumped until soon the rest of the audience, intrigued by the spectacle, joined in the overwhelming applause. Maybe it was her beauty, or maybe it was the sight of her two little boosters in the grandstand, but little Susie won first prize. So the two little boys eventually got the airplane, which Susie had the honor of carrying home.

Eleanor George, '48

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### MY FIRST RIDE ON A PONY

It was a cool summer day and the family was sitting under the shade of the tree on the lawn when a friend of mine rode up with his new pony. It was a Shetland pony about four years old.

The boy was very generous and offered me a ride. I could hardly wait for him to get off. When he dismounted, I got on the opposite side. This was my first mistake, and, being a well trained pony, he wouldn't stand for mistakes. He quickly darted forward and I had just managed to get on when he stopped short. At this moment I was sailing over his head and landing on the ground in front of him.

Whether I was dazed or not, I seemed to see the pony laughing at me and saying, "Don't be in such a hurry next time."

Leon Wood, '48

### THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SPOT ON EARTH

There is a small town in New Hampshire nestled in between rolling green hills, with a winding river flowing through. This river is no ordinary river because it is one of the most beautiful I know of. There are water lilies splashed on the top like white snow, and the purple of the pickerel weed makes you think that someone had frosted the top with icing.

The most beautiful part is not visible unless you have a fishing rod. They are the long, sleek, darting pickerel which swim in the waters of this river and they are never more beautiful than when you see them cooked golden brown on your plate just waiting for you to let down your reserve and dig in.

Marjorie Mitchell, '46

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### SUSPENSE

It was a cold, bleak night. The wind and hail whistled around the little log cabin. The cabin seemed to be the only sign of civilization for miles around, broken only by the tall pines. Inside the cabin everything was still, except for an occasional banging of a loose shutter. Only the clock broke the deadly silence. The monotonous beat seemed to fill the house. The moon came out and its glow cast grotesque shadows from the furniture onto the wall. The lamp appeared as a decrepit witch. The high-boy appeared as a mediaeval castle.

Just then a shadow moved at the top of the staircase. A man glanced fearfully around. Then, step by step he softly glided down the staircase. On reaching the foot of the stairs he glanced at the clock which was just ringing twelve. He appeared satisfied and nodded his head. He crept into another room and picked up a cruel



sharp butcher knife. His eyes gleamed with ferocity as he brandished the knife in the air. He stole quietly into the next room. There on the table a dark object lay. Waving his knife and laughing with savage glee, the man brought his knife down and . . . cut a piece of chicken.

Anne Whipple, '49

### HARMONY TEAM

The door to Mrs. Hoolihan's rooming-house flew open and out of it came seven young men pursued hotly by the words and the mop handle of the proprietor. The last of the seven, taking most of the beating, was trying to explain their failure to meet the rent payment. "But Mrs. Hoolihan I'm sure if you let us stay just another week we'll have a job by then."

"No, not another day! The other boarders are complainin' o' all the racket ye're making' an' I won't keep yuh another day unless yuh pay ye're back rent."

"But Mrs. Hoolihan . . . ."

"No! An' I'm keepin' ye're luggage 'till yuh do. Now get out an' stay out, Andy Anderson!"

With a final flourish of the mop the indignant proprietor slammed the door shut. For a moment there was a dead silence. Presently Andy spoke.

"Well, here we are out of a job, out of a place to live and only—let's see how much we have between us." Taking out his wallet and counting some small change, "Seventy-five, seventy-seven, seventy-nine cents, *seventy-nine* cents!"

"With my quarter that makes a dollar four," Tony the guitar player joined in. Tony was always a swell fellow, always ready to pitch in and help.

"I've got thirty-five cents," Joe chimed in. Joe was six foot three,

and played an equally big instrument, the string bass.

"I have a dollar," Bob said. Bob was the piano player, a real ace on the eighty-eight.

"Here's mine," said Guy, the sax player, handing Andy a fifty-cent piece.

"And mine," piped Dick adding a quarter. Dick was the drummer, the smallest of the lot, but by no means the least prominent. Dick always wore the flashiest ties and the loudest socks he could find.

"This is all I have," added Hal, tossing in three dimes. Hal was the trumpeter and could he handle that hunk o' plumbing!

"Altogether that makes—let's see—three dollars and forty-four cents. Gee whiz! What can yuh do with only three forty-four?" The six pairs of eyes that had been watching him as he said this dropped as he looked up. Together they started to walk. No one spoke; they just walked in a despairing silence.

At the time I didn't realize that this episode was anything extraordinary. They were just a bunch of fellows down on their luck. Why it happened all the time in those days. I walked over to the police phone, opened the box, and was getting ready to make my report when a thought came to me. Only that morning the papers had carried the story of the fight between Rip Rooney, the orchestra leader, and the manager of the local radio station over a contract. Now I knew that station manager, and he was a swell guy. The Rooney program was scheduled for that night and Rooney was in jail as a result of his drunken rioting. Here was an orchestra out of a job that could pinch hit for Rooney until the situation was cleared up. I put the phone down as Andy approached me.



"Hello, Officer Jones," he said in a rather downcast tone.

"Hello, Andy. I couldn't help seeing what just happened and I think I can help you out."

"Oh no, we couldn't accept charity," he said quickly.

"But I'm not offering you charity, Andy, I think I can get you a job."

"Could you really, Officer Jones?"

"I think so, Andy. How would you like to take Rip Rooney's place on a radio show tonight?"

"Would I! Wow!"

I explained the rest to him and we all took the subway to the studio after I had made my report and gone off duty.

When we reached the radio station I introduced Andy to the station manager, Mr. Gibbs. Mr. Gibbs was glad to find an orchestra to take Rooney's place and promised them thirty-five dollars for the broadcast. They shook hands on the deal and Mr. Gibbs rushed off to catch a train. His parting remark was, "The show goes on at eight, so be here in good time."

"Boy, or boy! Thirty-five bucks isn't such a bad start, huh?" Andy broke out.

"An' maybe if he thinks we're good enough he'll hire us for good," whooped Bob.

"I hate to be a kill-joy, boys," said Tony, "but we haven't got the money yet, and how are we going to play without instruments? Mrs. Hoolihan's holding them, remember."

"Mr. Gibbs might give us an advance. Hurry up, he might not have gone yet," Andy said, running for the door. They went down the steps like greased lightning, but the cab had just pulled away and Mr. Gibbs was gone.

"Well, what now?" asked Dick, not expecting an answer.

"Now, let me think," said Andy,

wrinkling his brow. Suddenly his face lit up. "I've got it! Call a cab. Tony, Joe, Dick and Officer Jones, come with me. The rest of you, hold the fort 'till we get back."

On the way to Mrs. Hoolihan's Andy explained his plan. About a block away from the rooming-house Andy had the driver stop and Dick, Tony and Joe got out. We drove up to the front door and Andy got out. Andy bounded up the steps and rang the bell. Presently the door opened. Before Mrs. Hoolihan could say a word Andy burst out, "Mrs. Hoolihan, I'm rich, I'm rich! I won a radio contest and I'm getting ten thousand dollars."

"Are yuh now!" exclaimed Mrs. Hoolihan. "Well, come in, come in; don't stand out there in the cold. Oh, Mr. Jenkins, Mrs. Small, Mr. Smith; Mr. Anderson's back an' he's rich!" And she closed the door.

This was my signal for action. I told the driver to drive around the next street to the back door. I got out and got another cab and took it to the same place.

By this time Dick had climbed the fire-escape and was opening the door for Tony and Joe. They busied themselves bringing the instruments out and putting them in the taxis while downstairs Andy was keeping everyone interested in his story.

Suddenly as Dick was bringing out the last drum he stumbled and fell. Picking up the drum, he ran to the cab followed shortly by Andy who, hearing the noise, had made a break for it. They piled into the cab I was in and we were off. As we pulled away from the curb we could hear Mrs. Hoolihan yelling, "Come back, yuh scalawags!"

"Whew! That was a narrow escape," Andy said with relief.

"You think that was something, you should have seen us trying to tip-

toe out with a bass fiddle!" Dick exclaimed. "But, say, what time is it?"

"My gosh!" said Andy, looking at his watch, "it's quarter of eight."

They told the driver to go as fast as he could and they would give him double his fare. He agreed and they sped through the city. Suddenly we heard a siren. A motorcycle cop pulled up beside us and yelled, "Pull over!" I stuck my head out the window. "Oh, so it's you, is it, Jones?" he said. "Well, all right, go ahead, but next time don't go through a red light."

It was five of eight when we reached the radio station. The other cab which had gone on ahead of us was already there. We grabbed the instruments and rushed up stairs. Andy entered the studio and I stayed outside to ward off any future trouble which meant stalling the impatient taxi drivers for a half-hour.

Finally the half-hour was through and I heard the announcer saying, "This has been a half-hour of music by Andy Anderson, his clarinet and his orchestra."

Suddenly the door burst open and in it stood Mrs. Hoolihan, followed by Casey, another strong arm of the law.

At the same moment Andy came out of the studio. Mrs. Hoolihan shrieked, "There's the dirty scoundrel now, officer! Arrest him!"

Just then the secretary walked in and said, "Telephone for you, Mr. Anderson." Quickly Andy ran into the next room where the phone was, said, "Hello - - - yes - - - we've got a job at a night club. They're going to pay us two hundred a week for a start. What a team!" Everything went into an uproar.

The next thing I knew Andy was leaning over me saying, "Come on, Officer Jones, snap out of it. We need you for the celebration."

Arthur Terret, '46

## MY VANITY

I think I ought to start my narrative by telling you just what my job actually is. And if I do say so myself I feel pretty important. I am an agent for the F. B. I. I suppose you think that that is strictly a man's job, but smile when you say that, because women come in handy very often. Previous to this case I had done some small jobs, but today my real chance came. Although I was willing to take on any big assignment, I didn't exactly relish with any amount of appreciation, the clanging of Mr. Ameche's invention as early as seven o'clock in the morning. No matter what I tried to smother it with, I still could hear it, and as I weakly dragged it to my ear, a base voice, ten times its usual volume, told me to be down at the chief's office by eight o'clock sharp. With a sip of coffee, a tail-spin down in the self service elevator, and a twenty-six block ride hanging on the end of a subway strap, I arrived at the office at two minutes to eight. Of course I always prided myself on being early.

Half an hour later, (I don't know why I had to be so prompt) I was reposing on a not too comfortable chair and the details of the case were being poured into my alert, but not too intelligent brain. From what I could gather, there was a pretty cagey gang, operating in the city with a female at the reins. She and her gang had a very serious offense to their credit. Defrauding government checks is no small misdeemeanor where you pay a ten dollar fine and promise to be good.

Well, to get on with the story, through the routine channels, I finally got the chance to just accidentally become acquainted with her. You see I was supposed to act as a go-between. But I kept asking myself what I was going between, and the



only answer I got was that I was going to be between the devil and the deep blue sea, and that I wouldn't be going in the positive direction if I didn't watch my step. She was a pretty shrewd character, but I wasn't hazy either. I struck up quite a gruesome friendship with her and casually informed her that I was interested in her racket. Of course it took some time to persuade her of my non-fraternization with any specimen of man who wore a blue suit with gold buttons and carried a billy, but she soon turned to my way of thinking and I saw a clear road ahead of me. Naturally I had to be careful because she had me watched constantly, and I had to make daily reports to the chief and receive my orders, but my Irish luck held true and everything went along smoothly enough. At least I thought so.

I finally received a crude invitation to meet her gang at their so-called hide-out. She had told me that she could use me in her outfit, and if I came out to their place she would deal me in, as the saying goes. She gave me directions and told me to be there at nine. I hastily informed the chief of the time, place, and objective, and he informed me that he would protect me to the end. It was funny, but that last phrase sounded rather morbid to me. I wanted to be protected, but not to the end. There shouldn't be any end. Not yet! After all I was still young (in my estimation). Completing that business I went back to my apartment. Oh, it was so peaceful there. I scoured for some food, but the ice box looked like Mother Hubbard's cupboard. Oh well! Who could eat at a time like this? I found some cereal in the cabinet and decided that it certainly would give me some strength which I might have use for before the evening dwindled away. But in spite of

all I ate of it, the stuff still didn't keep my knees from turning weak every once in a while. While I was straightening out the room I kept telling myself that everything would be all right, but I was continually wondering why I hadn't stayed home on Elm Street and worked in the bank as mother wanted me to. But no, I had to come to the big city to find thrills and adventure. Oh, but that was silly talk. I wasn't nervous a bit. I just washed the cereal bowl four or five times over because I kept seeing . Well "tempus fugit" and I couldn't be late, so I locked up the apartment, caught a bus at the corner, and sped to the lower East Side. Twenty minutes later I stepped off the bus and started to walk for the few remaining blocks. I followed the directions carefully. It was a mild night and it was raining lightly. Naturally I hadn't had foresight enough to bring an umbrella because the weather man had said fair for tonight. Oh, I could just see my felt hat. It would look as if it had been in the Spanish American War. But I'd probably get a bonus for this job and I could get a new one. So I walked along through the rain drops and spent my brain energy on finding the place. I finally found it, but oh, don't I wish I hadn't! It was a drab old rooming house and the bleak rain made it look worse. I inquired from the disapproving land-lady the whereabouts of apartment 3B. She bellowed the information at me and I started on my way. The stillness of the place increased the sound of every squeak in the stairs, and my longing for Elm Street grew more intense. Arriving at the top of the stairs and walking down a short hallway, I weakly knocked three times on the door of 3B and waited. The door opened slowly and I stood on the threshold and looked around the dimly lighted room. My



eyes fell upon a more gruesome bunch of characters than I had ever hoped to see. The girl said, "Good evening, Miss F. B. I.," and pointed to a centrally located chair. So everything had not run smoothly! But how could I have been discovered? I found out that they had taken no chances. I had been thoroughly checked up on and my underworld lingo didn't coincide with my childhood surroundings. I knew I was in a spot, but they weren't sitting pretty either. They didn't know what steps headquarters had taken against them and I was the only one who could tell them. Realizing no other way, I fell on the floor in a very convincing faint.

I thought I might influence them to send for a doctor and they did. For after all they couldn't lose anything and they had everything to gain. I was laid on a musty old couch in an adjoining room where I waited, supposedly unconscious, for the physician. Fortunately when he came, they went into the other room for consultation, and left the doctor to examine me. Performing a quick change act from an invalid to a healthy specimen, I held my hand over the mouth of the amazed doctor while I explained, partly pantomime, and partly aloud, the details of my precarious situation. I wrote a telephone number and my name on the back of one of his prescription slips, grabbed a few pills from his bag, and told him to be on his way. Once on the outside he was to call that number and give my name and immediately the chief would know I was in trouble. Well, I fell back on the couch and listened to the monotone coming from the other room and prayed that the boys of the force wouldn't let me down. The gang sent one of the surly characters in to guard me, and if I do say so myself, I did a pretty good job of moaning.

The seconds ticked away like hours, but in reality I didn't have long to wait. Ten minutes later there were samples of the law pouring in the doors and windows. I don't think I could tell you exactly what happened, because I wasn't on the couch any more, I was under it. I can't figure out how or why, but I do know that where there's a will there's a way. Well, the ring was broken up and its members are at this moment gazing out through those proverbial prison bars. As far as I was concerned the chief gave me my bonus and even a day off. But the best part of it was I could buy that new hat.

Carol Berry. '46

#### THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM

An old clock that had stood in a farmer's kitchen for fifty years without giving the farmer any cause for complaint, suddenly stopped one morning before anyone was awake. When this happened the countenance of the face of the clock changed with alarm; the hands made a useless attempt to continue their course; the weights hung noiselessly; each part of the clock wanted to put the blame on the others. After a short pause the face of the clock asked the other parts what was the cause of the rest. The hands, wheels, and weights all protested their innocence in one voice.

But below was heard a faint tick from the pendulum, who said, "I'll confess. I am the sole cause of the stoppage; and I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to state my reasons. The truth is that I'm tired of ticking."

When the clock heard this he was so angry he was at the state of striking.

"You lazy, good-for-nothing!" exclaimed the face, holding up its hands.

"Think of this," replied the pendulum. "It is very easy for you, who

have always set yourself up above me, it is very easy for you to accuse other people of laziness! You have had nothing to do all your life but stare people in the face, and amuse yourself with everything that goes on in the kitchen! Think how you'd like to be shut up in this closet for the whole of your life and wag backward and forward day after day, year after year, as I do."

"Isn't there a window in your house to look through?" asked the face.

"Yes, there is a window, but I don't dare stop even for a second to look out of it. Besides, I'm sick and tired of my way of life; and if you want me to, I'll tell you why I stopped in disgust this morning. I was figuring how many times I'd have to tick in only twenty-four hours. Maybe one of you up above can give me the exact number of times."

The minute hand, who was quick at figures, instantly replied, "Eighty-six thousand, five hundred times."

"Exactly right," replied the pendulum. "I appeal to all of you, isn't the very thought of that enough to tire you? Then when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by months and years, really it is no wonder that I felt disgusted. So after a lot of reasoning and hesitation, I said to myself, 'I'll stop!'"

The face, who could scarcely keep its countenance during the address, replied, "My dear Mr. Pendulum, I am amazed that such an industrious person as yourself could have been overcome by this sudden action. It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your life. So have we all, and we are likely to do a lot more. Would you do me a favor and give about a half dozen strikes to illustrate my argument?"

The pendulum agreed to do it, and ticked six times in its usual pace.

"Now," asked the face, "may I inquire if that was at all tiring or disagreeable to you?"

"No, not at all," replied the pendulum. "I'm not complaining at six strokes or even sixty, but I'm complaining of millions."

"But remember," explained the face, "that although you may think of a million strokes in an instant, you can only exert one; and that however often you may have to swing, a second will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I must confess," replied the pendulum.

"Then I hope we will immediately return to our duty. The maids will lie in bed if we stand idle any longer," said the face.

At this the weights used all their influence to urge him to proceed. Then, with the one consent, the wheels began to turn, the pendulum began to swing, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever.

The sun streamed in through the window to brighten things even more.

Everything went along just as though nothing had happened.

When the farmer got up and looked at the old clock, he exclaimed, "My watch gained a half hour during the night!"

Joan M. Reilly, '49

## MYSTERIES OF THE FOREST

It was a dark gloomy day. Heavy black clouds lined the sky as far as the eye could see. A cold chill hovered mysteriously over the entire forest. Tiny wisps of vapor rose from the calm pond in the center of the woods. The gentle drip - - drip - - drip of moisture falling from the trees to the dry, dead leaves below echoed and reechoed monotonously. Somewhere the gentle flap of a pheasant's wings sounded. The crackling of the leaves as an animal of some sort scurried



away. sounde dtoo loud for this place. A small path twisted and turned among the trees; and along this path came the man and his dog. The man had a .22 in his left hand. He was an unusually tall fellow and had a dark shock of curly hair that tumbled over his forehead. With an unsteady hand he ran his fingers through his hair. The dim light of the forest hid the features of his face. He stopped and gazed about him, and at the same time he filled his lungs with the dark, moist air. The dog heard the low hum of a partridge in the bushes near by. The hair on the pointer's back bristled threateningly, and his right front leg pointed in the direction of the sound. The man stopped short and quickly brought the gun to his shoulder. He waited. Then suddenly the partridge, sensing danger, flew into the air. Still the man waited, and then... bang... bang. The shots thundered through the forest like cannon shot. A gentle thud sounded as the bird hit the ground. The dog broke into a joyous barking and crashed through the brush to retrieve the game. He returned quickly to his master and dropped his prize on the ground. The man slowly stooped and picked up the bird. He felt as if someone were watching him. Once more silence hung over the forest. The man listened for some sound. Suddenly he heard it. A slow mocking laughter. Sweat stood out on his forehead. He stood rooted to the spot listening to the wild hysterical laughter that was increasing in tone every second. Without knowing why, he began to run. Faster - - faster - -. Trying not to listen to the laughter that followed him through the woods. He reached the edge of the forest and stopped once more to listen. His breath came in short gasps. The laughter was still audible, but now he recognized it as

that of a loon. How silly he had been. Frightened of the forest! He looked at the sky and noticed for the first time that the sun was shining. He looked for his gun and the bird, but discovered he had lost them, probably dropped them along the path somewhere. He laughed to himself, and started toward home whistling, a little off key, part of "Home Sweet Home." "Funny thing," he said to his dog, "I felt like a murderer in there."

Blanche Turner, '46

### THE UNSEEN GUEST

It was a warm summer night and Bob and I were walking along a road. The moon was shining brightly, so we could see quite plainly. We wondered whether or not we should take a look at the house that was being torn down. It was still fairly early yet, so we went to see what progress was being made. We walked and climbed through the rubble, finding many odd shaped objects which threw long shadows. The four or five tall chimneys still stood. The second floor was still standing also.

"What is that!" Bob exclaimed.

"Just some bricks or some other loose objects falling probably," I replied.

To our wonder it kept on making noises.

"Why should anyone be here now?"

"I don't know and don't care," Bob said. "Let's go."

But that did not solve the mystery.

"I'm going to climb up." Bob reluctantly followed.

There were only one or two ways up to the second floor now, and they were difficult.

Now we stood on the second floor. Something seemed to be moving, but what? No sounds were made. We



stood close to the wall quietly peering into the darkness in front of us. The thing brushed against me.

"Did you feel that?" I asked.

"What!"

"Something touched me."

"I didn't feel anything."

My imagination had never played tricks like that before.

"Yipe!"

I turned suddenly at Bob's outburst; a cold shiver ran up my spine.

"It licked my hand."

"You mean you felt something too?"

"Yes."

Realizing that it was nothing unreal, I hunted for the unknown creature. The moon shone brightly and by the aid of it we saw our maker of strange noises. It was our dog, an Irish Setter. Its dark color kept us from seeing it. How it had climbed up we did not know, unless it had climbed up the way we did.

Paul Adler, '48

### THE STRANGER

As I rode through the Boston Subway, the train emerged from the darkness and I saw sitting beside me a tall, lanky, aged man. On his head he wore a tall hat made of a variety of colorful, imitation fruit. He had a long, shiny, pointed nose, and extremely large ears which bore two moon-shaped, gold earrings. He wore a full, multi-colored skirt which extended as far as his ankles, and around his bent shoulders he had a slinky, deep, black robe. In his gnarled bony hands he carried a sharp, blood-stained axe. I looked at this strange man in amazement and wondered who he could be. Throughout the entire trip he hardly moved a muscle and looked straight ahead, without lifting his eyelids. Suddenly the subway came to a quick stop, and the stranger stalked grimly away and disappeared in the crowded Boston Station.

Dolores Legare, '47



# CHATTER

## D. A. R. AWARD

This year the D. A. R. honors go to Alma Sanford, '46. The winner of the D. A. R. award is chosen for her outstanding ability to get along with people, her honesty, loyalty, punctuality, and good character.

Each year the students of the senior class meet in the assembly hall to nominate three candidates. Beverly Howard, Shirley Wentworth, and Alma Sanford were nominated. After this the teachers have to vote for whomever they think best qualified. With three such promising candidates, their choice was a hard one this year. Good luck, Alma!

## RETURNING G. I.'s

The students of J. H. S. have been honored with the presence of World War II veterans.

We welcome from the Navy a lad of twenty, familiar to all of us as "Tony." Anthony Lorenzo left school in 1943 while in his senior year. Much of his Navy life was spent in the Pacific area. He plans on a teaching career after four years at Boston College.

Joe Gilmore left high school in 1939 while in his junior year. After spending thirty-two of his thirty-nine months in the Army, he is continuing his education. After high school he plans on entering college under the G. I. Bill of Rights. P. S. Joe is married, girls!

## THE JOURNAL DANCE

For this dance credit goes most emphatically to the decorating committee which transformed our assembly hall into a colorful snow-storm, made with odds and ends of

crepe paper, cotton and strings, old Christmas trees and Lux soap flakes whipped up. Jordan's recordings provided the music and a few vocal selections were rendered by June Hamilton and Marjorie Howard. This Journal Dance was one of the most colorful in recent years.

S. K.

## BOYS' BASKETBALL

We opened the season in the Lowell sub-league with a victory over Wilmington, 19-18, in a hard fought game. Bob Skinner and Nick Evangelos were high scorers with eight and seven points respectively.

The following Friday we traveled to Howe where we defeated the Howecagers in a fast game, 29-25. Nick Evangelos was high scorer with 11 points.

Our third game was a non-league game with our rivals, Methuen High. After a rough and tough ball game we came home the losers. The score was 35-15. Bob Skinner was high scorer with five points.

After being absent from the floor for a week we chalked up another league victory, over Burlington, score, 24-14. Nick Evangelos was high scorer with 15 points.

The following week we traveled to Chelmsford, where we suffered our first defeat in the league, losing, 42-25 in a hard fought game. Nick Evangelos was high scorer with eight points.

Our next game was with Dracut, where we again met defeat. After a rough game we came off the floor losing, 30-15. We are now in third place in the league standing.



BOYS' SCORING

Evangelos .....	52
Soucy .....	33
Skinner .....	19
Giaquinta .....	12
Long .....	6
Doherty .....	5
Kasheta .....	5
Dearden .....	3
Campbell .....	1
Guthrie .....	1

GAMES

Johnson 15	Lawrence	17
Johnson 19	Wilmington	18
Johnson 28	Howe	25
Johnson 15	Methuen	35
Johnson 24	Burlington	14
Johnson 25	Chelmsford	42
Johnson 15	Dracut	30

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls opened this season under the coaching of a new teacher at J. H. S., Mrs. Manson. In the first game the girls lost a hard fought game with Wilmington, 23-11. Bev Howard sparked the girls' team with seven points.

The girls showed very much improvement in their second game with Howe High, but with lack of experience they lost out at the end of the game, 28-20. Joyce Robinson scored eight points and Bev Howard caged seven points.

In their third game the girls were highly outclassed by a champion team from Burlington. Although they fought continually, they trailed at the end, 44 to 26. Capt. Bev Howard led the home club, caging 17 points through the evening.

After an idle week, the team traveled to Chelmsford where they were once more out-rated by a good Chelmsford team. They lost, 39 to 23. Capt. Howard again led the home team with 12 points.

The following week they played at Dracut and were beaten in the final minutes by a rough Dracut team, 14-10. Bev Howard caged six points for Johnson.

GIRLS' SCORING

Capt. Bev. Howard .....	49
Joyce Robinson .....	27
Marie Torpey .....	8
B. Giard .....	5
P. Giard .....	1

GAMES

Johnson 11	Wilmington	23
Johnson 20	Howe	28
Johnson 26	Burlington	44
Johnson 23	Chelmsford	39
Johnson 10	Dracut	14

1945 ROLL CALL

Ruth Adams	Shawsheen Mill
Lillian Balavich	Katherine Gibbs
Edward Bardsley	Navy
Lloyd Bauchman	Navy
Shirley Bauchman	Arlington Mills Office
Eugene Bohnwagner	Boston & Maine R. R.
Shirley Britton	Osgood Mill
Phyllis Brown	Office, Wessell's Laundry
Helen Calder	Lawrence Beauty School
John Canty	Army
June Chamberlain	Osgood Mill
Rita Connors	Ayer Mill Office
Irene Costello	Bridgewater Teachers College
Thomas Crabtree	Army Air Corps
Clayton A. Crotch	Navy
Margaret Dill	McIntosh School
Patricia Donnelly	Bolta Rubber
Claire Doran	Lawrence General Hospital.
Mary Driscoll	Mary Brooks
Shirley Driscoll	Fry School
Henry Enaire	Navy
Therese Enaire	Davis and Furber
William Finneran	Mass. College of Pharmacy
Anna Greenwood	McIntosh School
Horace Hebb	Merchant Marine
Elizabeth Holdsworth	Stevens Mill
Benjamin Hollins	Army Air Corps
Roberta Hutton	B. U.
Albert Kneupfer	Army
Charlotte Lewis	At home
Elizabeth Lewis	B. U.
Lorraine Lewis	At home
Jane Loring	Andover National Bank
Rita Malek	At home
David Manahan	Navy
LeRoy Marland	Davis and Furber
Dorothy McDowell	Little Fawn Cleaners
William McEvoy	Army
Jacqueline McGuire	At home
Fred Messina	Navy
Clifton Milne	Navy
Betty Morton	Bridgewater Teachers College
David Pickles	Navy
John Pitman	Coast Guard
Ethel Raitt	Framingham Teachers College
Jeanette Rea	Simmons College
Elizabeth Riedel	Davis and Furber Office
Mary Rivet	Lawrence General Hospital
Carl Schofield	Norwich University



Roger Smith	Navy
John Sullivan	Navy
George Tardiff	Army
Helen Turner	Lawrence General Hospital
Lois Valpey	Simmons College
Fay Vincent	Addison Gilbert Hospital
Patricia Walsh	McIntosh School
Mary Werenchuk	Modern School of Costume Designing
Shirley White	McCarthy Clinic
Arnold Wilcox	Navy
Stewart Wilson	Army
Hazel Wood	Lawrence Academy of Beauty Culture
John Wood	Army

## EXCHANGES

The *Swampscotta*, Swampscott, Mass.

Congratulations on your wonderful paper. You have an excellent variety of literature, editorials, sports, and humor.

An excerpt:

"Before I heard the doctors tell  
The dangers of a kiss,  
I thought kissing you  
Was the nearest thing to bliss;  
But now I know Biology  
And sit and sigh and moan;  
Six million bad bacteria,  
And I thought we were alone."

The *Original*, Marietta, Ohio

All your papers are spicy with humor and peppy personal news. Your editorial, "Congratulations, Students!" was excellent.

The *Archon*,

Governor Dummer Academy, Mass.

Editorials, illustrations, and personal news are excellent. One of the best and most interesting papers.

The *Cryptian*, Gloucester, England

This is an excellent magazine. It is most interesting to receive a paper from England from whom we haven't heard in so long.

The *Skool Nooz*, Randolph, Vermont

Editorials and literature are fine. Good luck to your Senior Play.

The *Record*, Newburyport, Mass.

Congratulations on your paper. Especially good is your Bulletin, your interview of your Principal, and the personal item, "Alphabet."

The *Killonian*, Danielson, Conn.

Good editorials and personal news. That Latin initiation must have been fun.

"F" is for feet which carry the cleats,

"O" for opponents at football meets,

"O" is for "ow" when one gets hurt,

"T" is for touchdown, through men and dirt,

"B" is for brains which plan the play,

"A" for attack that leaves boys in a daze,

"L" is for ladies who will cheer for you,

"L" is for lucky, the men who live through.

Excellent items:

*Blue and White*, Methuen, Mass.

Profiles, humor and sports.

The *Cub*, Ipswich, Mass.

The Diary—daily record of what happens.

The *Ægis*, Beverly, Mass.

Poetry section exceptionally good.

### MEN ARE FOUR

"He who knows not and knows not he knows not, he is a fool—shun him;

He who knows not and knows he knows not, he is simple—teach him;

He who knows and knows not he knows, he is asleep—wake him;

He who knows and knows he knows, he is wise—follow him."

*An Arabian Proverb*



While leaning over a rail of a transport, a WAC dropped her diamond ring overboard. She was quite upset over her loss. Several weeks later she was having dinner in a restaurant in Paris and ordered fish. What do you think she found in the fish? — Bones!

A little boy riding in the street car had been sniffing loudly for several blocks. After a number of disapproving glances the woman seated next to him inquired, "Little boy, do you have a handkerchief?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the child, "but I never lend it to strangers."

Maggie: "Don't dive into that pool. It's empty."

Sally: "That's all right. I don't know how to swim!"

Two men were standing talking on the lawn. One reached up and grabbed something flying through the air. "Guess what I have," he said.

The other thought a minute. "A fly?" The first one looked and shook his head.

"A mosquito?"

"Nope; try again."

"A horse?"

The first man peered into his hands. "What color?"

A soldier in Chicago for the weekend phoned a hotel. "Where can I get a room for tonight?" he inquired.

"Where are you calling from?"

"A phone booth."

"Sweet dreams!"

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